

The Mysterious MR. RAFFLES

Says he wouldn't think of going away from Paducah without coming in to see the handsomest store in this section of Kentucky. He will call here Saturday Afternoon Between 2 and 6.

\$125 REWARD

If you capture him in the store.

J. L. Wolff
Jeweler

Idle Cars.

The statement issued by the American Railway Association a few days ago giving the number of idle cars in the country shows that \$375,770,000 was at that time inactive. This calculation was based on the average cost of a car at \$1,000, the number in the idle class being 770,000. A continuous line made up of these cars would be about 2,846 miles long. In speaking of this condition C. H. Ewings, Superintendent of Freight Transportation of the New York Central system, said that since the report had been issued business had increased, and was now growing. The Central system has 25,000 cars still idle, due, to a large extent, to the stagnation in coal and ore transportation. Despite this depression, business is growing, which is shown by the fact that there had been 35,000 cars idle. If the Central's idle cars were coupled they would make a train 189 miles long reaching from the Grand Central Station to Albany, and thence past Shenectady and Amsterdam and two miles beyond Ponda.—New York Tribune.

Diving for Fish.

A unique method of fishing is employed by natives along the Panama River. Two dugout boats are employed about thirty feet long, with two men with long poles, one in the bow, the

other at the stern, punting the boat along. They stretch a rope made of bamboos and plaited grass about a hundred yards long and weighted about every ten yards with big stones. This they let down into the water, and the fish are frightened toward the bank. The divers then jump in three at a time, remaining down about twenty seconds.

They carry gaffs about eighteen inches long and fishhooks with cords attached. When they strike a fish they let go the gaff and the fish is hauled up in the boat. A big fire is lighted on the bank and the men warm themselves before it when not diving.—Rangoon Gazette.

Mrs. Jones—You seem to have implicit confidence in your husband.
Mrs. Smith—Of course I have. He never turns pale when I tell him he talked in his sleep.—Chicago News.

"I cannot live but a week longer without you!" "Really, Duke? Now how can you fix on a specific length of time?" "Ze landlord fix on it, miss; not I."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Many a man who joins in the avul chorus would be ashamed to play second fiddle.

Don't wait until tomorrow to neglect things you should neglect today.

200,000 PLANTS

The largest assortment of roses and plants in the city, also 25,000 plants at less than 3 cents, 175,000 other plants to select from. See us before placing your order.

SCHMAUS BROS.
Both Phones 192.

See Raffles and Drink Soda Water

At our store today (Thursday.) He will patronize our fountain some time between 2 and 6 o'clock p. m. You surely get the \$125.00 if you recognize him and address him correctly.

D. E. WILSON
The Book, Music and Soda Fountain Man.

\$150 REWARD

Come and have some Ice Cream with RAFFLES when he visits our up-to-date Ice Cream Parlor Saturday, May 16.

We call your attention to our fine line of Chocolates and Bon Bons.

Remember, the \$150 is yours if you capture Raffles in our store Saturday.

STUTZ

NATIVE LIFE IN MANILA

The Funny Things One Sees
in
Smiling Round the World

By
MARSHALL P. WILDER

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

The native women of Manila still wear gay skirts, with a separate piece of dark goods folded over them like paniers, or a long wide apron of satin, richly embroidered.

At first I thought wide-striped skirts were worn in imitation of the American flag, until told that it was a fashion that had prevailed for many years.

The women of the poorer class go barefoot, and their skirts are abbreviated in every way, their waists generally slipping from one shoulder, and their hair untidy when it is not hanging altogether loose, in thick, black masses. The women of all classes are constantly smoking cigars or cigarettes. They carry the children astride on one hip, instead of on the back as in Japan and some parts of China.

One of the funniest sights I ever saw was a scantily clothed Filipino woman carrying a boy about three years old astride of her hip. He wore a tiny green shirt, his only garment; on his head an old derby hat was jammed down to his ears; and, to complete the picture, his mother took a cigar about eight inches long from her mouth, while she chattered with a shopman, and put it in the boy's mouth for safe-keeping.

The men are taking to foreign customs more rapidly, and numbers of them wear regular shoes and put a gauze undershirt beneath their outside drape of one of just. Some of these exquisite just shirts are so fine they are a mere thought, and must certainly be worn for ornament only, for they serve neither as a protection or covering. So delicate is the thread that, in weaving, it is protected by gauze from the gentlest breeze.

The Chinese are the only industrious portion of the population and practically control the retail trade among the natives. Many of them are married to Filipino women, who make them good Catholics before they consent to marry them. A native woman who gets a Chinese husband is very lucky, for she will then be assured of a living, as he will work for her and his children, something a Filipino cannot always be depended upon to do.

Water carriers are constantly going about the streets, and the most of them carry the water in the ubiquitous Standard Oil cans, slung from a bamboo yoke laid across the shoulders. In every part of the orient, beginning at Honolulu, through Japan, in far Cathay, not stopping at India's coral strand, but all the way around to Egypt—the traveler will find the Standard Oil can used for every conceivable purpose. The Kanaka boys



Chinese in Demand as Husbands.

In Honolulu ball out their canoes with them, they are water cans everywhere, lanterns are made from them in Japan, utensils in China, cut up for ornaments in other places, and in Egypt used to pack dates in! Hundreds of thousands of these cans are sent east—filled with Standard Oil—truly, the light of Asia!

Filipino men seem to incline toward the bootblack trade, there being more stands than there is seemingly a demand for. The opportunities between customers for rest in the chairs is the attraction that commends this trade to the case-loving Filipinos.

Their greatest pleasure in life is cock-fighting, and there is no little shack without its petted and pampered rooster, tied by the leg and tenderly watched and cared for. If the family goes out for a little jaunt, or an hour's recreation, the woman may see to the children the best she can, while the man goes tenderly along, nursing the precious fowl in his arms. If the house catches fire a native will first save his rooster, before he even thinks of his family. On every harbor boat, where families live, the rooster, the most important member of the family, may be seen tied to the mast, and at sunrise Manila is a very pandemonium of crowing cocks. Everyone gets up early, for sleep is impossible.

The people are passionately fond of music and their ear is marvelously true. There are 150 native bands in Manila, not more than a half dozen members out of the whole number being able to read a note of music. They play by ear entirely, like our negroes of the Southern states, yet their instruments are always in perfect tune and their playing is harmonious and beautiful.

We had been told such alarming things about Manila, and warned so earnestly against indulging in various edibles, that we entered the city in fear and trembling, but we found the drinking water delicious, the little Bay View hotel comfortable and the table quite good, considering the limitations. At least there was good butter and delicious bread, two things that are not always found in places more pretentious.

Mosquitoes were troublesome at night, but canopies over the beds were ample protection, while the trade winds, constant the year around, proved the assertion of the Maillians that nowhere do people enjoy more sound or refreshing sleep.

In the houses which have sliding screens instead of windows little lizards take up their homes, sitting along the walls and calling to each other with a peculiar chuckling cry.



Constantly Smoking Cigars.

They are harmless little creatures and no one seems to mind them in the least.

Housekeeping is rather hard for Americans, for the servants are both incompetent and lazy. Marketing has to be done by the head of the household and everything chattered over has to be taken home afterward, for nothing is delivered. This, together with the strain of being constantly on the watch against thieving, is trying to the nerves of the newcomer.

The Spaniards used to soundly whip their Filipino servants, engendering in them, as they believed, a wholesome fear and respect. They have no fear of corporal reproof from the Americans, consequently are lazy, saucy and worthless to the last degree.

An American who has fairly good servants, whom he has had from four to seven years, was asked how he managed it, and he said he resorted to the old custom of whipping them, with the result that instead of the contempt most servants have for their indulgent American employers, he has their respect and affection, and nothing could drive them from his employ. Some reformers might throw up their hands and indulge in protest against this, but the Filipino mind seems to work on those lines, believing it more comfortable to adapt oneself to existing circumstances.

Native life in the suburbs of Manila is the most unreal and fantastic I have ever seen. It looks as if everything were arranged for exhibition and nothing real or permanent. The little nlpa houses, smothered in groves of banana trees, seem merely temporary ornaments. The women leaning from their windows, cigarettes in mouth, look as if posing for their pictures, and all the sights and sounds are so theatrical and brilliant that it seems as if there should be a sign up reading, "For this occasion only!"

Much criticism has been rife in the States as to Aguinaldo's treatment by the government. The opinion was almost universal that a man who had cost the United States so much in lives and money should have been executed, or at least punished severely.

When one sees the Filipino people and hears the opinion of wise old residents it is apparent that the government could have done no better and had handled the matter with the most far-sighted diplomacy. Had he been executed, in accordance with the cry of numerous hot-headed stay-at-homes who demanded it, he would have immediately assumed the proportions of a martyr in the eyes of the people; his blood, like dragon's teeth, from which would have sprung arms and war, and a struggle indefinitely prolonged. The emotional, irrational people would have gone crazy with patriotic zeal, their blood fired by the heroic death of a martyr, and the consequences would have been too far-reaching to be counted.

But the commonplace humdrum farmer at Cavite does not appeal to them in the least, for very little of a hero, according to their ideas, can be made of a man who ends his theatrical career so ingloriously.

Shorn of all attraction Aguinaldo is gradually losing his admirers, if he has not already done so, and the whole matter seems quietly dying out. The policy of the government was most wise, and though closely watched there need be no fear, for his wings are clipped and he will soar no more as a hero in the eyes of the people of the Philippines.

Cittiman—You ought to know something about flora and that sort of thing. Tell me what is a "forget-me-not?" Sububs—Why, it's a piece of string that your wife ties around your finger when you go in town on an errand.—Philadelphia Press.

"Papa, what are spirit rappings?" "Spirit wrappings, son, must be the clothes the angels wear."—Housing Post.

VACATIONS

MAY BE GRANTED ALL FEDERAL EMPLOYEES BY CONGRESS.

Sick Leave and 30 Days Annually in Vogue at Washington—Mail Clerk's Expenses.

Paducah postoffice employees are interested in a bill which passed the senate yesterday, giving to all in the service 30 days annual leave. The bill must pass the house before it becomes a law, but no material opposition is anticipated there. All the government clerks in Washington have both 30 days leave and 30 days sick leave and this bill extends the custom to government employees all over the country. Another bill of interest to the postoffice is one allowing \$1 a day to railway mail clerks for incidental expenses. Heretofore they have had to pay their expenses for lunches, etc., when away from their terminals.

PENALTY OF BEING A QUEEN.

Sad Side of the Pomp That Goes With Royal Privilege and Court Spectacles.

(From L'Illustration)

The flowers of queens do not smell like other flowers. Almost always they exhale a perfume of suffering and death. When an empress buries her life and her eyes in a bunch of roses, make no mistake it is that she may better weep. The flowers of royal gardens are the confidantes of crowned heads, and they receive and keep faithfully the secrets whispered to them by these lonely great women who are never alone.

Yes! Queens, all queens, are infinitely to be pitied. Even those who have least been stricken know not happiness; but what shall we think of those who, like Queen Amelie, are at once living, healthy and secure and a thousand times more heart pierced and tortured than the victims who have succumbed to the fury of assassins?

"The queen was not wounded," cried the first dispatch which carried the dreadful news. Not wounded! What Shakespearean irony in the words! Before her very eyes her husband and one of her sons are stricken down like dogs and her other son escapes death only by a miracle—and they say, "She was not wounded!" How otherwise could she be wounded? On the contrary, it is just through not being wounded that she is wounded most. And if heaven had granted her the favor to fall dead, then only would she not have been wounded. For consider what since that day must be that royal life, which anyway had never even before been silk-lined.

Trying on black dresses, taking off jewels, which are festal souvenirs of the past; praying, hurriedly, by snatches, in a nightmare, for she is dragged away from God every minute, because she must keep her eyes and her wits about her and keep her head when everyone else has lost it, brushing away her tears or gulping them down to give an order, giving herself up to Portugal, to the monarchy, rather than to her dead, who from the immediate and earthly point of view have already only a secondary interest; receiving ministers, reading dispatches, questioning marshals, receiving confidences, listening to reports, editing proclamations, presiding in the great portrait gallery over councils at which men now speak low and now shout and pound the table; showing herself calm, erect and brave in the face of riots; presenting a smiling presence to the people and to the factions—smiling for the glory of the nation; forgiving, lavishing clemency, rendering good for evil, life for death.

If in this somber bustle there be some instants of respite and recreation, rushing into hiding, to spend them there in the chapel ardente, where lies, watched over by nuns, two loved ones whose unwilling immobility crushes her, prostrates her, and in spite of all, omitting nothing, going forward even to the end of the funeral march, remounting again the State carriage from which now two are missing, and when at last, at last, all is over, after the dirge and the salute, the last words of the archbishops, the requiem aeternam, the incense, the holy water—all is done and all is over—to find herself alone with a pale, tired child, whose brow she kisses before he goes to sleep, and to whom she teaches the duty of sovereigns and rulers of empires.

These are the privileges, this the lot, of Queen Amelie, young and beautiful, a widow and mother mourning still! Where is there, in any land, a ragnicker or a peasant woman washing clothes in the river in December, who at such a price would change places with her?

Joke on the Jury.

When Ella Van Dross, a young colored girl, was tried before Judge Rosaksky in General Sessions yesterday on the charge that, when Joseph Kayatt, a white man from Yonkers, asked her in the hall of 249 Second avenue whether the Joneses lived on the floor above, she stealthily removed a pocketbook containing \$10 from his pocket, the jury deliberated only a few minutes and then returned with their verdict.

The girl, much disturbed, was led to the bar. The foreman rose. "We find the defendant not guilty," he said. As the late prisoner was turning to leave court Judge Rosaksky

\$150 Reward

Positively the last day to catch Raffles. He will go to the ball game at Wallace Park

SUNDAY, MAY 17

If caught at the game \$50 extra Reward, making

TOTAL \$150.00

We invite everyone to come to the ball game which will be interesting and catch Raffles.

called out: "One moment, Ella. Be careful not to let any more suspicion fall on you, whether you are innocent this time or not."
"Oh, Judge," said the girl. "Ah, never done it before, an' fo' de Lord Ah never will again."
The jury looked amazed.
"That's one on you, gentlemen," remarked the Judge, and all the courtroom laughed.—New York Times.

NOW IT STRUCK HIM.



"Gee! I bet dat feller has ter wear his fader's castoff clothes!"

"I suppose," reflected the professor, "a subway is merely an elevated railroad reduced to its lowest terms."—Chicago Tribune.

"Stage Manager—The girl that takes the part of the sleeping beauty in the show can't go on tonight."
Business Manager—Why not?
"She ate a Welsh rabbit and she can't sleep!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Apple Tree on Broadway.

One of the few remaining monumental trees of New York stands in Grace Church yard, at Broadway and Tenth street. It's an old common country apple tree, but it keeps green the memory of one Myner Brevoort, Dutchman and farmer. Nearly a hundred years ago the Brevoort acres spread out where the church now stands. When New York began to stretch out the city planned a straight thoroughfare and named it Broadway. The surveyors got as far as Tenth street, where their progress was stopped by the Brevoort gate. "Keep off my land!" shouted old Brevoort in most forcible Dutch, confronting them with a dog and a stick. The surveyors scaled the fence and

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